

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXX
1835

**FINISH IT
ROUND
THREE!**
By The EDITOR

**OPEN
LETTER
TO
HARRY
HOPKINS**

**PUSH
WE CAN
LAUNCH
NOW**
By A.G.B.

W A R S A V I N G S C A M P A I G N

Neighbours get together

What for?

To work for Victory by forming a Street Savings Group.

What is a Street Savings Group?

A group of patriotic people who live near one another and have joined together to save regularly week by week.

Can anyone join a Street Savings Group?

Yes. Men, women, or children, whether they already belong to another Savings Group or not.

Why should I join?

It will make saving easy for you, because the Group collector will call at your home every week.

How much would I have to save weekly?

There is no fixed amount, but the more the better!

How can I find out more about these Groups?

Get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your Local Savings Committee. If you don't know the address, enquire at your Post Office.

**Join or Form
A SAVINGS GROUP**



This ointment is active — it kills germs

In those skin disorders which are caused or aggravated by germ infection, a complete cure is impossible until the germs have been destroyed.

It is the remarkable property of Dettol Ointment that it is actively germicidal. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', which in our great hospitals today is the chosen weapon of modern medicine and surgery against the germs of septic infection.

When you use this ointment you will find that it promotes healing because it sinks deeply into the tissues, not only calming the irritation but actively killing the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it and whenever you renew it, it will go on working to keep you free from reinfection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on. From your chemist 1/3 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT is recommended specially for the treatment of—
BOILS, CARBUNCLES, WHITLOWS, IMPETIGO, SYCOSES (Barber's Rash), HERPES (Cold Sores), SEPTIC ECZEMA. In cases of obstinate VARICOSE ULCER (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

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Healing and Actively Antiseptic

BECKITT & SONS, HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)



Brush Bloodstained? danger for teeth

Take heed of this danger sign of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Act now. Use Gibbs S.R., which contains Sodium Ricinoleate—the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. Use it regularly for healthy gums and teeth.

Gibbs S.R. 7½d & 1/6

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Open up for MALTESERS



Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty and give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

Sorry you can't get all you want—supplies are rationed!

2½

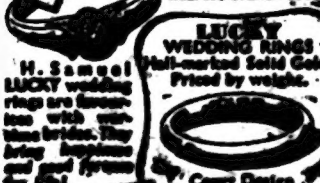


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1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA gives you an extra supply of Fresh-Food Vitamins



Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.



One pipe - one match

Some fellows make every pipe of Four Square last an hour and never use more than one match per pipe. Each fill smokes dry and cool to the end. There is no wasted 'dottle'. Everybody can get the same result if he will only take the trouble. And everybody should take the trouble these days, when the supplies of Four Square are necessarily restricted by the amount of top grade leaf available. If you are not getting the best out of each fill, study the Old Hand's hints.

An Old Hand's hint

Keep your tobacco in good condition, not too damp nor too dry. Fill from bottom of pouch, using smallest piece to top the bowl and packing firmly but not too tight. Draw hard until the tobacco is well alight and then keep your pipe in your mouth and breathe out through the pipe as well as drawing in.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 16, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"



Straight from the Shoulder

UNITED STATES!

SURELY and firmly the United States and Great Britain draw closer together—a fact that must be giving Hitler his worst headache of the war. No doubt it is also causing some mental indigestion to the smash-and-grab merchants of Tokio. For not the least significant move last week was the well-timed warning to Japan issued simultaneously from Britain and the U.S.A.

Holding the Bridges

Mr. Eden and Mr. Cordell Hull did not express the views of two great democracies.

Rather did they express a single policy:

The Atlantic has been bridged to effect a common front against Hitlerism. There will also be a common front across the Pacific should Japanese aggression continue.

Mutual Aid

Both Britain and the United States will aid Thailand if that country decides to resist the Japanese demands.

And American support will be given in full to Britain if we find it necessary to take strong action.

The leading democracies in the Old World and in the New are united in opposing militarism.

Shifting the Balance

Can they be united for other purposes? There is hope that they may be.

Mr. Lees-Smith has pointed out that, because of Russia's terrific resistance, the balance of the war is altering.

The *New York Herald-Tribune* goes further. It declares that the shifting of colossal weights in the balance may affect not only the grand strategy of the war but the whole grand strategy of the future.

Plan the Peace!

That important journal stresses the common problem of Britain and the U.S.A. in "organising the new pattern of the war and the more distant pat-

tern of the peace which must emerge from it."

Even this, in JOHN BULL's view, is not enough.

As A. G. Gardiner emphasises on page 8, Britain and the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and China, should put down their joint blueprint for a New World Order.

At last such a joint plan for peace, prosperity and progress has been made possible by the horror of world-wide war.

Bombing Season

For us in Britain there is another task that must be tackled in the immediate future.

Already the nights are longer. We must expect the R.A.F. offensive to provoke "reprisals."

Part of the *Luftwaffe* remained in France; probably the main force will rejoin it when the rains descend on the Russian front.

Are we ready for a renewal of heavy raids on our cities?

They'll Fall

We know they will not impair our spirit. We know that, thanks to the dispersal scheme, they cannot bring our war production to a standstill.

But they will attempt both objects.

They will no doubt succeed in destroying private property and national treasures.

Spite Attacks

An American professor, who spent six months in Britain, has spoken wisely on the Nazis' deliberate "spite attacks" on London's historic monuments. "He comments:

"These blows did practically no military harm. They were blows at civilisation which left Germany as well as the rest of the world permanently poorer."

Prepare Now!

But we must see that such blows, even though they do not help the

enemy, do not cause more hardship and suffering to ourselves than foresight can prevent.

Every possible preparation must be made before the heavy raids commence.

Wardens Wanted

The A.R.P. service is still understaffed in some danger zones. Equipment is not yet adequate.

Local jealousies have impaired Civil Defence efficiency in the past. Now Regional Commissioners have taken power to prevent the tug-of-war between various authorities.

But co-ordination is not yet perfect.

Care for Homeless

Third point for official attention concerns provision for the homeless.

Not sufficient billets are available.

One M.P. urges that half-finished Glasgow Corporation houses could be used for temporary accommodation if provided with doors and windows.

The same might be said of many districts.

Empty Mansion

A Scottish mansion is going to be pulled down. It could accommodate hundreds of raid evacuees.

But no Government Department will help the A.R.P. authorities to pay its rates and taxes.

As Sir Thomas Erskine exclaims, this "is a shocking state of affairs."

Travelling Canteens

Hot meals must be readily available for raid victims.

Remember how mobile food kitchens took thirty-six hours to reach Coventry? That mustn't happen again.

Now, one kitchen convoy is being attached to each region. But supposing two or more towns in one region are crippled on the same night?

Repair Dumps

Remember, too, how repairs to vital war factories were sometimes delayed during last winter's fierce attacks.

Obviously, there should be stocks of building materials near every industrial centre.

Traffic Chaos

We cannot afford any repetition of last winter's needless traffic dislocation.

Some congestion is inevitable. It has been aggravated in the past by failure to plan emergency services in advance, and by a lack of co-ordination between rail and road transport.

That, too, must not happen again.

COLD COMFORT

● Coal shortage threatens to give the Government a hot time.

Following the Commons' debate, feeling in the lobbies has intensified.

There is no disposition to blame Mr. Grenfell, the Minister of Mines. He, as JOHN BULL declared last week, has been hamstrung by the Cabinet.

But there is unanimous demand for the recall to the pits of young miners now in the Services.

Not all could be recalled. Some have been sent abroad. Not all the ex-miners now making munitions or bricks could be spared.

However, tens of thousands could be returned.

We need them. We want 38 million more tons of coal this year as against 28 millions last year.

Every additional 1 h.p. in industry means an extra ton of coal a year.

So, to increase war production, coal production must be increased.

Yet, though we are not sending coals to Newcastle, Lancashire and Cheshire are actually having to import coal! Reason: shortage of local labour.

That isn't funny. It is one of the bitterest follies the Cabinet has committed.

And if repair work is neglected to rush coal to the surface, disasters will increase.

Even the Cabinet should realise that.

Quick Service

There are 'buses laid up for want of petrol. They must be kept ready for immediate use.

In the great cities, a damaged railway route should be covered by emergency road services, not after hours of delay, but in so many minutes.

Delay impedes war production. By causing serious overcrowding it depresses the health of war workers.

Keep Them Away

Not only must the authorities make advance arrangements. So must the public.

Let us overhaul our A.R.P. in the home, be alert in our fire-watch duties.

Above all, let us do our utmost to prevent women and children evacuees from returning to the cities.

Those Bigger Bombs

In short, it is prudent to prepare for the worst even if the worst never happens.

Even a prudent view of the situation entitles us to expect that Germany will suffer more heavily from bombing this autumn than Britain.

So much for the night scene. By day, there is the equally obvious and urgent duty to reap our record harvest of the century.

Harvest Home

Wisely, the Government encourages war workers to take a holiday. There is no better way to spend it than by keeping fit in the harvest field.

There are other sections of the community who could and should help the farmers to bring in the food we all need.

This is both a "help-each-other" and a "self-help" war.

Set Fair

It has also proved the most "unpredictable" war in history.

Predictions have been discounted. But no one can dispute the fact that our situation is more favourable now than we had any right to expect a year ago.

The losses inflicted on the enemy by the Russians, the growing power of the R.A.F., and, not least, the firm concord of Britain and the U.S.A., give us certain reasons for confidence in the future.

(Continued overleaf)

ONLY CORPORALS CAN COOK

● Men in an Army school are catered for by a corporal cook (old style). He has two mess orderlies to serve the food and wash the greasy dishes.

The cooking is consistently bad. Almost as much food has to be thrown away as can be eaten.

One of the orderlies was formerly chef to a well-known peer. He was trained as a Continental chef and pastry cook by one of London's most luxurious hotels.

He has also been passed out as a first-class Army cook.

But he spends his days scrubbing dishes and peeling potatoes.

He is not allowed to cook.

Because, you see, he is not a corporal. So why not promote him?

JOHN BULL regards this little true story as symptomatic of the red-taped tradition that clutters Army organisation and keeps round pegs in square holes.

It hampers initiative and lowers efficiency.

Away with it all!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHY should a woman living on one side of a street get 3s. 6d. a week more in Army allowance than a woman on the other side?

Twenty local councils and thousands of women want to know.

You see, the extra allowance paid to compensate London wives for the higher cost of living is based on the London postal area, the boundaries of which run down the centre of many streets.

Righting a Wrong

The councils are now asking the War Office to base the scheme on the London police area.

That would bring in suburban boroughs such as Wembley, Walthamstow and Kingston.

Sack for Farmers

Farmers with poor harvests are being visited by official inspectors.

Some are being warned that they must do better next time. Others who appear hopelessly inefficient are getting notice to quit.

Since war began, more than a thousand farmers have been evicted.

Servants for Services

Another big comb-out, about to begin, affects the Civil Service.

Thousands of young men "temporaries" are to be de-reserved and made available for military service.

Some of their jobs will be scrapped entirely, others replaced by girls.

Middlemen in Arms

Third kind of call-up is worrying Grimsby Fish Merchants' Association, which fears a restriction in the number

of licences when the official control scheme comes into force.

About 450 Grimsby merchants are licensed now; number will be reduced to a hundred or so.

It is argued that this won't help the man-power problem, for only 135 of the merchants are of military age.

We hope the Government won't be impressed by the argument. And we'd like to see a lot of middlemen in other trades called on to shoulder arms.

Fire Folly

Whitehall's scheme to nationalise the fire services is causing dismay.

A.F.S. critics who have seen the draft complain that it does nothing to ensure uniformity of conditions throughout the country.

It merely gives the national stamp to all the local muddle and confusion that exists.

Paid "Holidays"

There are local inequalities, indeed, throughout the A.R.P. services.

Paid A.R.P. workers in the West Riding of Yorkshire, like those in Holborn, have to wait till the end of their holidays to draw their week's pay.

Moreover, they have to sacrifice a day's leave—because to draw the pay they must call at the police station between the hours of two and eight p.m. on Friday.

Strike-Breakers I

Mr. Herbert Morrison should also inquire why A.F.S. men were recently asked to act as strike-breakers.

It happened at Taunton, where street cleaners went on strike. A.F.S. men were

paraded and told they were expected to help in the work of the cleansing department.

They refused.

Busy Blimps

Other blimps who need telling by Mr Morrison to mind their own business are to be found on Middlesex County Council.

This fire-breathing body announces that it won't supplement the pay of employees who volunteer for Civil Defence work or express a preference for it when called-up.

What a slight to the men and women who "beat the blitz"!

Week's Best Cause

No doubt there will be heavy raids this autumn, as we warn you on the preceding page.

You'll find a further reminder in every cinema next week—a film showing the work of the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund; while next Tuesday will be a national flag day for the same fine cause.

Give all you can and thus help to prevent needless suffering.

Unwanted

Not all the people returning to danger areas can be accused of recklessness. Often it's desperation that makes them come back.

Witness a woman with two children under five who went to live at Alcombe, near Minehead. Her landlady told her to clear out because she could get a guinea a week for the evacuee's bedroom.

It is said that other evacuees in the district have been treated with contempt and bluntly invited to return to London.

Would it be too cruel to make the offenders experience just one big London raid?

Foremen in Demand I

Excellent idea is the course in foremanship now being arranged in industrial areas by the Ministry of Labour. Would-be foremen should apply at employment exchanges.

Far from excellent is that one man, for years a builder's foreman, has had to become a factory labourer just because he's over sixty.

Yet he had been in charge of work at Thames House, Mersey Tunnel entrances and other big jobs!

Idleness Enforced

Next illustration of the muddle that hampers a full war effort concerns an ex-Serviceman (he joined up at 14 in the last war) who owned several lorries.

War Office requisitioning left him with two. Then his garage was commandeered.

Both lorries were used to take coal to munition works and R.A.F. centres.

One had to be laid up owing to insufficient petrol, the other sold to meet high purchase costs and to provide food for a family of seven.

Of Course!

Then—of course—the Ministry of Transport made frantic efforts to get the laid-up lorry back on the road.

That was done—at a cost of £150 to the owner.

And now—of course—he is granted only enough petrol for two days a week!

Army Transport

That leads us to ask if Army lorries are efficiently managed.

Reports reach us from several sources of continual and costly changes in equipment, wholesale waste of petrol and incredible muddle.

Will it take another two years of war before the War Office devises a sensible system?

Their Chance

A big restaurant recently advertised for kitchen hands. There were no answers, so the firm applied to a poor law institution.

Seventeen men were sent along—three of them in wheel-chairs. All were engaged on the spot at £3 a week, plus food.

Impertinence

But the fact that pauperism is declining does not prevent some of our hospitals and other charitable institutions from bombarding private citizens in the U.S.A. with importunate begging letters.

They suggest that Britain is down-and-out. That is untrue.

They imply that Americans, many of whom are helping our war effort to the utmost of their ability, should also concern themselves with our private liabilities.

That is a mere impertinence.

Vigilant Uncle Sam

Besides, Uncle Sam has bigger affairs to handle. Aid to Russia. Aid to Britain. Battle of the Atlantic. Home Defence. And now—the Pacific Threat.

Japanese troop transports arriving at bases in Indo-China were met by Nazis. It is known that hordes of Nazi submarine crews, airmen and technicians have reached the Pacific.

Even among Japanese fishermen, who form a Fifth Column in American Pacific possessions, were Nazi spies who tried to learn the secrets of U.S.A. defence preparations.

Thousand Bombers

Those preparations are good. On the chain of American strategic islands that stretches across the Pacific a thousand four-engined bombers are stationed.

They are a clear warning to Japan that Uncle Sam can dispense with quite a few units of her Pacific fleet to help win the Battle of the Atlantic—and still be able to make the seas hot for the Japanese.

Ocean Fortresses

On those islands, too, tremendous fortifications have been built. A hundred million dollars were spent on Guam alone; Pearl Harbour in Hawaii has been made the world's finest and largest naval base.

In the background is Australia, with her world's best troops and a fast-growing war industry, to aid the British and American navies and those thousand bombers.

Japan's move towards Thailand is dangerous. But Japan may also find herself in danger.

Behind the News

● Britain thinks it inopportune to announce Peace terms, but one thing is certain. They will include the handing over of Joyce, "Lord Haw-Haw." He will be convicted out of his own mouth, for every word he broadcasts is recorded.

● Purge of Nazi eastern front command has begun. Two Field-Marshal and nine Generals have been removed, are under open arrest in their homes.

● Field-Marshal List has been withdrawn from the Ukraine, ordered to stamp out revolts in the Balkans.

● 250,000 fighting-mad Yugoslav guerrillas are playing havoc with Nazi occupation. Greeks are doing great damage to communications.

● Italian General Gelo, commander in Greece, complains that Germans looted Italian food stocks before leaving. His men are more anti-German than anti-Greek. Situation is serious.

● Himmler is intriguing to succeed Hitler, but takes no risks, keeps his own plane with a Gestapo crew ready to bolt at an hour's notice.

● Mussolini and the senior Fascist leaders are virtual prisoners. All are under the "protective guard"

of Nazi officers during the 24 hours. No Fascist meeting, not even that of the Cabinet, is permitted unless Nazi representatives are present.

● But most bitterly disillusioned Italian to-day is Duce's daughter, Edda Ciano. Till lately the power behind her father, courted and flattered by Nazi leaders, she has now been rudely warned by Berlin that her future liberty depends on her complete disappearance from the political arena of Central Europe.

● Antagonism between Darlan and Weygand is coming to a head. Abetz is looking for other Quislings, but cannot do much because he fears Marshal Pétain's resignation might cause a French revolution.

● Turkey, tired of Nazi "tourists," has requested an equal number of visas for Turkish tourists to Germany. Berlin has ordered her visitors to return.

● Gauleiters of occupied territories warn Berlin of grave risks if Nazi garrisons are further thinned out to reinforce the Russian front. Subversive activities have never been stronger.

● Commentary on Hitler's "New Order"—Dutchmen who recently escaped to Britain via Belgium report that potato peelings fetch £4 a sack in Brussels.

FINISH IT IN THIRD ROUND!

WITHIN three weeks the world conflict will enter its third year. We went into this fight half-trained, and Hitler won the first round hands down.

He has piled up points in the second, but he is taking heavy punishment now. There are no referees, but the ringside neutrals observe that the would-be heavyweight champion of the world is showing signs of distress.

The third round should be decisive. If we attack with all we've got, if we fight now as we have never fought before, we can knock this blustering bully out before 1942 has ended.

If...! JOHN BULL has no respect for the easy optimists. On the contrary, we share the Premier's conviction that the coming winter may tax the country's utmost powers of courage and endurance.

NEVERTHELESS, WE ARE SOBERLY HOPEFUL OF COMPLETE VICTORY WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS.

Hitler has achieved some spectacular successes, but he has also made many blunders.

It must be remembered that Germany was preparing "deliberately" for this war at least five years before it started.

During those years our leaders were asleep, and they did not wake up even when the first guns thundered, the first bombs fell on Polish homes, and the Panzer divisions drove their tanks remorselessly through valiant but ill-armed defenders.

In the first days of April, 1940, Chamberlain said that Hitler had "missed the bus." But Norway was invaded on the 9th of that month, and less than two months later its occupation by the Nazis was complete.

That disaster roused Britain from her lethargy and brought Churchill and the National Government into office. In May the Germans treacherously attacked and conquered the Netherlands.

The vaunted military might of France was overthrown in a few short weeks. In vain Mr. Churchill offered our despairing Allies an Act of Union with the British Empire, the boldest gesture ever made by one statesman to another.

Pétain would fight no longer. He appealed for an armistice on June 17, 1940.

Meanwhile we had achieved the evacuation from Dunkirk, a feat of arms which the Premier described as a "miracle of deliverance" on the one hand, and "a colossal military disaster" on the other.

HISTORY MUST PASS THE FINAL JUDGMENT ON THIS EVENT. OUR VIEW IS THAT GERMANY'S FAILURE TO DESTROY OUR EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AND TO FOLLOW THAT DESTRUCTION UP BY AN IMMEDIATE ATTACK ON THESE ISLANDS WAS THE FIRST OF HITLER'S MAJOR BLUNDERS.

He made another blunder in supposing that Vichy would, thenceforward, be unable to resist his will. And he made the disastrous blunder of believing what his fat Field-Marshal, Goering, had told him again and again—that the Luftwaffe could smash the Royal Air Force.

The First Battle of Britain—that glorious epic of the skies—raged through the summer months of August and September, 1940, and ended in the decisive and absolute defeat of the enemy. Goering's bombers have never since dared to make mass daylight raids on these islands.

Had it not been for this victory in the air, Germany might possibly have defeated us in the second round.

Instead, we have gained time to build so

many 'planes and train so many crews that we are now able not only to defend our shores but to attack Germany by day and night with a destructive power that will be redoubled before next year is out.

Space falls us for any detailed review of the war's second round which is so nearly at its end. It may well prove, however, that Hitler's decision to accept Mussolini as his henchman was another of his bad mistakes.

At all events we have crippled Italy's fleet, decimated her armies, and destroyed her African Empire.

It is true that, once the Nazis had intervened, we were driven back in Libya, but it is also true that Tobruk, defended with deathless courage by our troops, brought General Rommel's tanks to a halt last Spring and destroyed the legend of Germany's mechanised infallibility.

Tobruk has withstood a terrific siege ever since. It has not only held out against incessant attack by guns and 'planes, but it has now become a menacing challenge to the challengers; a possible base for another and greater British offensive.

Germany has overrun the Balkans; vanquished the armies of Yugoslavia without destroying the animosity of her peoples; and crushed the fighting strength, but not the spirit, of our gallant Greek Allies.

And Crete is lost to us because, through one of our own major blunders, we had made no adequate preparations for its defence.

But we defeated the Nazi plotters in Iraq, and to-day Syria is in our hands, with the tools of Vichy blunted and the men of Free France loyal at our side.

Above all, the armies of Soviet Russia are engaging the full weight of the Nazi hordes with magnificent courage and obstinacy in the greatest conflict the world has ever witnessed.

HERE, INDEED, IS HITLER'S CROWNING BLUNDER. HERE HE HAS MADE HIS FATAL MISCALCULATION.

He was wrong in thinking that the United States would be too selfish to support Britain.

He was doubly wrong in supposing that the forces of Freedom, either in the States or in any other country, could be divided by his hypocritical revival of the "crusade against Bolshevism."

They are more united than ever. Indeed, Germany enters the third round of the world war against the combined might of Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and China.

RANGED against her no less implacably, though at present with less power to strike, are the free men of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, and France; the helpless millions of ordinary men and women in every occupied country; and the majority feeling of the neutral world.

Hitler has no true friends. Incapable of loyalty himself, he dare not count upon loyalty from others. Japan, unwarned by Italy's fate, may yet play the jackal to his tiger, but already the Democracies have met the Japanese threats with stern economic reprisals and implicit preparations for war if needs must.

Look where you will, from Tokio to Moscow, from London to Leningrad, from Washington to Berlin, and it is surely obvious that Freedom is gaining strength as it enters the third and decisive round against the vile forces of tyranny and aggression.

We must finish the fight in this round, and to that end we need immediately to complete and perfect our preparations.

British propaganda must be strengthened. We implore the Government to give Brendan Bracken its full support against any Service

obstructionism. We urge the new Minister of Information himself to go out for attack all along the line.

We must increase production. We must let nothing stand in the way of maximum output. Mr. Churchill, in his own judgment, does not see fit to appoint a Second-in-Command, Home Front.

SO BE IT, THEN, BUT LET HIM END THE SCRAMBLE FOR PRIORITIES, CUT THROUGH THE TANGLES OF RED-TAPE, AND, AT ALL COSTS AND BY ANY MEANS HE CHOOSES, PROCURE FOR US THE TANKS AND THE PLANES AND THE GUNS WE SHALL NEED FOR ATTACK.

We must find a solution to the wages problem. We must formulate a national policy and adhere to it. If we want to keep men on the land, we must pay them the fair equivalent of the money they could earn in other essential industries.

LET this Government understand that the country is asking for nothing but resolute leadership.

We are sick of excuses. We know that we have immense supplies of coal and that there would be no fuel famine if the Government had not allowed 100,000 miners to leave the pits.

All we ask now is that these men should be brought back to the industry at once, even from the Services, that they should be paid enough to remove any sense of grievance, and fed well enough to do their best work.

We demand more action and less chatter in every direction. We did not start fire-watching until German incendiary bombs had destroyed acres of property that could have been saved.

We welcome the delayed compulsion that has since been introduced, and look forward to the time when all defence services are regarded as a national as well as an individual responsibility.

The handling of man-power in the crucial months ahead of us demands equally vigorous leadership. Again and again we have urged the need for a drastic comb-out of all reserved occupations, including the Civil Service.

This is total war, and it calls for total sacrifice. The country will not grumble at that, provided waste of time and money and labour is ruthlessly eliminated.

It asks only for fair payment, fair rationing, and a fair distribution of work and national service. Give it these things, convince it that we are going all out to help Russia and to hammer the Nazis—and then we may look forward, not only with hope, but with confidence, to knocking Hitler out and finishing this fight in the third round.

—THE HUMAN MACHINE—

Our Greatest Illusion

● People often excuse themselves by saying, "I didn't have time."

We've all got some secret ambition that we should have fulfilled long ago. But we didn't have time. Or did we?

We had all the time there was. We still have all the time there is.

Don't you think the mistake we make is in the way we look on time? We are always expecting it to come to us in great chunks and long stretches, whereas it comes to very few of us in that way.

A famous American author once said:

"For two years I got practically nothing down on paper, and my excuse was that I hadn't time. Then I altered my views of time. I sat down and wrote a hundred words or so whenever I had five unoccupied minutes."

"To my astonishment, at the end of a week I had a sizable manuscript ready for revision!"

If we would only watch ourselves rigorously for a bit we should find we were wasting and throwing away more than enough time to do all the things we want.

Mr. HARRY LLOYD HOPKINS, Best-known Hustler

DEAR MR. HOPKINS.—The Post Office would find it hard to deliver this letter. You're so apt to be in the United States one day and in Britain on the morrow.

In fact, you're the modern counterpart of the god Mercury—and in your swift flight across the Atlantic you bring clouds of American-built bombers in your wake.

So used have we become to your visits that we can hardly realise that your thin face, sharp eyes and soft voice were not familiar to us before last January.

You arrived in London during a night raid. You came with a smile—and with the reputation of having put four million Americans into jobs in just four months.

We had heard that you wouldn't have a clock in your office because you didn't want to know how long you worked.



And, as you went everywhere with the Prime Minister for a whole month, you impressed Ministers and public alike with the sincerity of your determination to work against Hitler.

Last month you returned. You came in such a hurry that you didn't bring a hat or even a change of shirt, and straightway you rushed to a Cabinet meeting that Mr. Churchill specially summoned.

Next, a hurried trip to Moscow.

Even if you lost a stone in weight on that trip—as you did in your first war trip to Britain—you gained an immense load of good will that should restore friendship between the world's two greatest republics.

As for ourselves, we know you meant every word of your memorable B.B.C. Postscript. We know you'll carry out your pledges.

And you know, I am sure, that the British people regard you as the world's most useful traveller and the most welcome visitor these islands have ever had.

—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Our friends in the U.S.A. not only want more news. They want less condescension from British Ministers and lecturers.

You know, a little ill-considered remark can cause a lot of annoyance.

It is not necessary or polite to assure Americans that the war supplies they send us are up to standard and are proving valuable.

Such statements sound supercilious to American ears. So does much of the stuff talked by official British visitors to the United States.

I can assure you that Americans would give a bigger welcome to man-in-the-street Britons than to the "big names" we are still sending them.

Why not, for instance, send a British negro to state our viewpoints to the vast negro population in the States?

Nazis have spent millions to whip up anti-British feeling among American

negroes by talking of our "ill-treatment" of coloured folk in the West Indies. We must counter it.

And we should remember that the best British mission to the States was made up of a few ordinary London firemen.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—You must take the blame for the great railway muddle.

The holiday season is in full swing. You are anxious to leave the railways clear for coal and munitions traffic.

But you do nothing to prevent holiday-makers from congesting the lines.

At week-ends there are bigger crowds and bigger chaos at London stations than during the worst weeks of air raids.

OPEN LETTERS

CITY COUNCIL, Cardiff

DEAR SIRS,—Hundreds of tons of timber from bombed premises are stacked in a field where A.R.P. workers are stationed.

These men have been warned that if they take any of the wood they will be prosecuted.

Yet, every day, tons of it is burned! Your dog-in-the-manger attitude is just contemptible.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—To compensate for dearer living costs, the London County Council recently allowed an extra 2s. a week to blind persons.

You have promptly deducted that sum from their blind pensions. The law compels you to do so, you say.

Then why not change the law? M.P.s would let you get a Bill through the House in five minutes to end such deplorable meanness.—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC HEALTH DEPT., Penzance

GENTLEMEN,—Don't you know the importance of promptness in dealing with disease?

A Hayle woman asked last April that her little boy should be immunised against diphtheria. Only answer she has so far received is that it may be carried out in a few weeks' time.

Her sister applied months earlier. She, too, is still waiting. Meanwhile, there is diphtheria in Hayle.

I'm not surprised.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING, War Office

DEAR GENERAL,—Recruits are still being drilled in the street, an objectionable practice for several reasons.

Not the least objection is that some drill sergeants are apt to "show off" and submit the men to protracted strain.

This is particularly bad, obviously, for men in the late thirties, for whom a less severe and more graduated system of training should be organised.

How many more complaints must be made before you take action?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. DUNCAN, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Merchant seamen, torpedoed by the enemy, were put ashore at Gibraltar and provided with free clothing by the authorities. Now the shipping company is making each man pay £7 18s. 8d. for the clothing.

It isn't the first time this dirty trick has been perpetrated.—JOHN BULL.

Why do you allow the booking-offices to issue so many tickets that trains have to be run in five or six parts?

Why do you allow thousands of people to be admitted on a platform at one time, instead of admitting only the number required to fill a train?

Why, in short, do you not insist on proper organisation of the railways you command?

The appalling scenes on August Bank Holiday should have taught you the need for authoritative action.

But, lest you need a further lesson, just visit a main line terminus this Saturday.—JOHN BULL.

HARDSHIP COMMITTEE, Stafford

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to differ. You have refused exemption from fire-watch duties to a man of fifty-six who suffers from heart disease; you have also refused his offer to undergo an independent medical examination.

My view is that such a man, called on for sudden and exciting exertion, might well prove as much a liability as an incendiary bomb.

And I'm not disposed to change my opinion just because other "hardship committees" are perpetrating similar needless hardships on the unfit.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P., Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—The D.F.C. has just been awarded to Flight-Lt. A. R. H. Beauman, of Grimsby. But he was reported missing last December.

Why did it take eight months after his presumed death to discover that he had been an officer of "determination and devotion to duty of a high order"?—JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY, Ministry of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—An ex-soldier was recalled when war broke out. He worked in France in very bad weather and underwent a good deal of exposure.

After France fell he served in Scotland in rough conditions. Then, in England, he was affected by fumes from a smoke screen.

Result of it all was bronchitis that has led to his discharge from military service.

Despite my endeavours, you persist in refusing to pension him. That merely confirms my poor opinion of your Ministry.—JOHN BULL.

The New Education

AFTER the war the brains and ingenuity of man will be harnessed to face and solve a sea of problems—social, moral, economic and racial.

One problem will be that of education. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, has declared that compulsory education for all up to the age of eighteen is coming.

"How quickly after the war we see it," he said, "will depend on a number of things. It will require new buildings and new teachers."

How simple the problem would be if new schools and new teachers would solve it!

What we need first is a new conception of education, a new standard of values and the instillation in the minds of future generations of a new sense of enduring peace, beauty and happiness.

These things can be, must be.

★ ★ ★

Life a hundred years ago, despite social evils and industrial exploitation, was serene and uneventful compared to the life we of this century have known.

Our millions poured out lavishly on schools and scholarships, research and invention have failed in the main purpose—to establish a better standard of living and to ensure more happiness for all.

In a world truly educated war and the fear of war would vanish. For with true education comes a sense of responsibility for one's fellows and an enlightened regard for the future of the human race.

Nazi Germany supplies the horrible result of a rigid "education" based on racial hatred and the teaching of racial superiority. Hitler's domination of German schools prepared the ground for his savage assault on the world.

Addison wrote: "What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul."

Just as the man without genius or vision can ruin that block of marble, so can a cunning and unscrupulous teacher ruin the outlook of a boy or girl.

It is easy to talk of education up to the age of eighteen; not so easy to put such an idea into practice.

Before every boy and girl can stay at school until that age, the whole field of family incomes will have to be reviewed.

Unless hard-up families are relieved of the burden of maintaining their children while they are being educated, Mr. Wedgwood's plan will remain an Arcadian dream.

And unless the whole industrial system is overhauled and the whole economic life of the nation changed, education up to the age of eighteen will in its turn create many more problems.

For if every boy and every girl pursues education and knowledge until the age of eighteen, and is given a wider conception of life and living than that given their parents, who will hew our coal, build our ships, run our looms and make our steel?

Perhaps Mr. Wedgwood has already considered this problem and has the solution ready. I hope so.

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pollas

COMMODORE G. PURSEY PHILLIPS, whose narratives of courage and adventure in the Merchant Service have thrilled readers, begins a new series of epic stories of heroism on the high seas.

YOU have heard of Britain's seamen, and how, undaunted, grim and gay, they face and beat the powers of hell that Hitler has loosed against them in his endeavour to starve us out.

They have tradition behind them. The shadows of Drake and Frobisher and Willoughby, Cook and Hawkins and Oxenham, still haunt the Seven Seas, cheering on the breed whose ancestors have broken, in turn, all those who tried to enslave the freemen of the foam.

But to-day I shall tell you the story of a woman whose name ranks, for devotion, with Grace Darling's, and for sheer fierce courage with Pirate Mary Reed's!

Yet this woman was gently born, her mother was the daughter of a famous Peer of the Realm, her father a Groom-in-Waiting, and she herself a favourite god-daughter of Queen Victoria. And I think the Queen who slid downstairs on a tea-tray would be proud to know that when skilled men ran short her godchild did not fear to go down to the sea unarmed and face all the terrors of the deep.

A Hard Training

Victoria Alexandrina Drummond obtained her engineer's certificate seventeen years ago. She had always loved engines; she went through a training as hard as that of any hard-case Clydeside MacNab; and perhaps it was from Queen Victoria that she learned her trick of keeping her personnel in order.

From nearly half a century afloat I can tell you that greasers and stokers and engine-room people generally can sometimes make Al Capone's Chicago gangsters look pale pink when it comes to real toughness.

When this war began Miss Drummond had a quiet job in London, and was getting very well paid for it. But the sea called, and the ships needed trained engineers; so she threw up everything and went back to the engine-room.

The little ship in which she serves has missed very little that was going.

It was "in at Dunkirk," as they say in the Merchant Navy.

With Miss Drummond running those engines of hers as they had never run since the ship's trials, and getting a speed out of that boat that the owners would have told you just wasn't possible, they made half a dozen runs, and brought off so many men each time that the vessel came back with gun-wales almost awash.

Four times "near miss" bombs shook half the guts out of the ship, and on the last run she was running on a pocket-compass, with strained steering-gear, electric gear all ruined, half the navigation instruments smashed, and the engines partly lifted from their beds.

But a grim-faced woman stuck to her post down below and brought the ship once more safely back.

The adventures of that little ship in the past two years would fill a breathlessly exciting book. I hope that, one day, Miss Drummond will write it.

Air Raid Alarm.

I can tell you only about one of these adventures.

Four hundred miles out, on a mission that was of extreme importance, the ship was driving doggedly through the seas and the water was running green. CRASH went the waves on her bows; you could hear the drumming of her racing screws as her stern lifted and the shouting seas drove by. Smoking scud poured across her, and the wind-rack lowered darkling above them as they reeled along.

And then the Air Raid Alarm sounded, wailing through the ship, as a big four-engined German Condor commerce-destroyer sailed like a vulture out of the clouds.

Miss Drummond was off duty at the time, but at the first sound of the siren she ran below to the engine-room.

Engineer Victoria Drummond leaving Buckingham Palace after being decorated with the M.B.E. for the gallant exploit related on this page



She "Won Out" All Alone!

And, remember, if there is serious trouble on a ship, the engine-room is about the worst place of all to be in. No sooner was she down there than the first salvo of bombs came down.

There was a terrific series of explosions, and the ship jumped like a shying horse. Delicate instruments were smashed. Terrific strains and pressures that no builder could ever have foreseen were flung on the ship's hull and on the working parts of the engines.

Nearly Stunned

Miss Drummond was blown bodily against the levers, with a force that practically stunned her. How it was that she broke no bones none of the men below could make out. They thought for a second that she had been killed.

But she was on her feet again instantly, giving curt orders, easing pressures here, taking up new ones there, her eyes swiftly checking the harm that had been done and co-ordinating the enormous powers of steam and steel on which the safety of the ship and every soul aboard depended.

The four-engined bomber came wheeling round again to finish off the important little English boat which its first salvo had staggered.

No doubt the Hun airmen, peering down through their goggles, waited expectantly for the stricken ship to be scuttled. But that is not the English seaman's way.

The second salvo of bombs fell astern, and the enemy must have snarled as they realised that the ship's speed had actually increased, despite its injuries. And, indeed, the gauges showed a change from nine knots, officially her top pace, to 12½ knots!

Dodging, swinging, her funnels shaking with the roar of smoke and steam, she turns in a big circle towards a certain point of the compass where, as the skipper knows well, certain lean grey warships range the seas.

Miss Drummond looks round at gauges and machinery. The ship is running, now, as fast as she can—faster than she has ever done. If need be, one engineer can keep things going.

And so she ordered the engine-room and stokehold staff out, and stayed there alone amid the damage, keeping her engines running full, taking all the risk herself.

The men did not want to go. But Queen Victoria's godchild was not one to tolerate mutiny on the high seas! And out they had to go.

One of her fellow-officers has told me the rest of the story—for Miss Drummond's account of it is simply that she carried on and "did what was necessary to keep the engines going."

Looking down through a skylight, this officer saw her down there, going about her tasks as calmly as if she were surrounded by a full staff on a peaceful night on the Atlantic run.

Then the Condor came roaring down at them again—very low this time, to make sure of them. The snarl of huge aircraft engines increased and passed, leaving the whining of bombs that suddenly burst with shattering, shuddering explosions, and a terrific shower of debris and shrapnel flying and smashing everywhere.

The ship, badly mauled this time, staggered like a wounded beast.

She Saved the Ship

The watcher through the skylight saw Miss Drummond look sharply upwards. The main injector-pipe immediately above her head had strained a joint!

Scalding white steam came screeching out of the joint—steam that would blind, boil, literally skin anyone it touched.

The engine-room filled with clouds of steam, but Miss Drummond managed to avoid the jets of it that whistled about this way and that with frightful suddenness. She knew that she might be struck and killed instantly, but she stayed steadily at her post and would

allow no one to come down to help her.

Again the Condor dived—and again—and again.

Each time the noise of the aircraft engines approaching told her that a new salvo of bombs was coming. Miss Drummond eased down the steam pressure. Each time the raider skimmed away over the waves and wheeled to prepare to renew the attack she increased steam and gave the ship fresh speed.

She nursed that vital pipe through the explosion of each salvo of bursting bombs—and she did it successfully. On her devotion to duty the fate of them all depended. If that pipe had burst the ship would have come to a standstill, and lain there, a sitting target for the destroyers above.

Heritage of Courage

And it would certainly have burst if she had not varied the pressure as she did. Her conduct was an inspiration to every man aboard—they felt that they must win out, so steadily confident and calm was this woman down there in the vital guts of their stricken ship.

For thirty-five endless minutes she remained alone down there. For thirty-five minutes the Condor circled and struck and soared away and came round again and struck again.

The sea boiled with the constant explosions; the ship's iron hull rang like a gong time and again; sometimes it leapt half out of the water under the frightful blows and blasts of the high explosives.

But Engineer Victoria Drummond "carried on," as Dick Grenville carried on when his little vessel was attacked by fifty-three great galleons, and as Frankie Drake carried on till he brought his ship right round the unknown world.

Once when the officer looked down through the skylight he saw her standing there on the control platform with one arm stretched above her head holding down the spoke of the throttle-control.

From the top of her forehead, down her face, completely closing one eye, trickled a wide black stream of fuel oil.

She could not wipe it away. Both her hands were busy. She could not lower her right arm because it held the vital throttle-control, and she had to keep it up there unrested till it must have felt like breaking.

On the bridge the skipper, his mouth grimly set, was running his ship nearer and nearer to those waspish grey vessels whose joy and business it is to deal with the slaughter gangs that try to drown peaceful merchant seamen without warning.

But he knew that the chances of his reaching help were slender.

And then, through the driving cloud-rack, he saw something.

A tiny spot in the sky, far away, coming swiftly up. It was possible to hear in the distance another sound. . . .

A little angry hum, like a hornet from far away coming in to discover someone robbing its nest.

A toytown cheering broke out from the battered deck of the little ship as they sighted a British plane.

Sweeping down swift as a falcon, the plane sailed low over the ship and signalled: "Do you need help?"

And up went the answer, typical of British seamen for five hundred years: "Not on your life! Do you?"

I guess the two men aboard the plane laughed as they read it.

Down below in the ship's engine-room Engineer Miss Drummond, having had a wash, was getting her staff to work again.

Or perhaps she was using a powder-puff!

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PUSH WE CAN LAUNCH NOW



When General Sikorski, Premier of Poland, and M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador in London, signed an agreement on behalf of their countries it was shown how much can be done *now* to begin laying the firm foundations of peace

TWO timely warnings have been given: (1) With the approach of September the First, says Mr. Churchill, comes the menace of invasion. (2) Mr. Eden reminds us that Hitler's peace offensive is still imminent.

We shall do well to give heed to both warnings.

It is true that in both respects Hitler's programme has been upset by events in Russia. The programme was obvious.

A swift and overwhelming triumph in Russia was to be followed instantly by a peace offer that would catch us in the mood of despair.

If it failed then the whole might of Germany, fresh from its spectacular conquest in the East, would be hurled at this island in a desperate gamble for final and universal victory.

BUT IN ORDER TO LAUNCH A PEACE OFFENSIVE WITH ANY PROSPECT OF SUCCESS, HITLER MUST BE ON THE TOP OF THE WAVE. HE MUST HAVE SUFFERED NO SET-BACK.

He must have confirmed the legend that he is invincible, and that it is useless to resist him further.

That is not the case. It is so far from being the case that his Russian adventure may well be as fatal to him as the similar adventure was to Napoleon.

It does not follow that peace feelers will not be thrown out. Nor does it follow that invasion is ruled out.

Indeed, the deeper Hitler gets bogged in Russia the more urgent will become the temptation to end the war, either by a bid for peace or an invasion gamble that will "win or lose it all."

And we must be prepared against both emergencies. Our attitude in regard to the peace offensive, whenever it comes and whatever form it takes, is not in question.

It has been declared again and again—by Mr. Churchill, by Mr. Eden, by Lord Halifax. We will have no peace parleys with Hitler or with any of the perjured assassins and criminals who have wrecked Europe. For them we have no terms but unconditional surrender.

BUT WHILE WE WILL NOT DISCUSS PEACE WITH THE GANGSTERS, WE MUST LOSE NO TIME IN CLARIFYING OUR OWN PEACE PROGRAMME.

For, soon or late, the end will come sud-

denly, very suddenly, and it would be a calamity if it found us as unorganised and unprepared for the peace as we were for the war.

For this reason it is a matter for rejoicing that Russia and Poland, so lately enemies, have negotiated a treaty that assures their co-operation in winning the peace no less than in winning the war.

It follows on the understanding already reached by Poland and Czechoslovakia, and should serve as an example for clearing away all those regional hostilities that enabled Hitler to tear Europe to tatters, bit by bit.

London is now the seat of half the Governments of Europe. Their countries have all suffered a common catastrophe.

A. G. GARDINER

declares that it would be a calamity if victory found us as unorganised and unprepared for the peace as we were for the war. He thinks that the end, whether soon or late, will come very suddenly. We must launch our peace offensive now.

It has come upon them through their disunion and mutual suspicions. In their infatuation for the shows of national independence they have sacrificed their very existence.

In pursuit of the shadow they have lost the substance, and have become all alike enslaved.

Now is the time to establish such relationships that in the new Europe which will be born out of this agony they will be secure against the recurrence of a like calamity.

And the impulse to this cohesive movement should come from above. We have now in effective alliance four of the six greatest units of power in the world.

BETWEEN THEM, THE BRITISH EMPIRE, THE SOVIET UNION, THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA HOLD THE DESTINIES OF MANKIND IN THEIR HANDS.

They represent four-fifths of the population of the earth. They control the seas of the globe. In industrial powers, in material resources, in financial strength they outstrip the enemy beyond all reckoning.

And in moral power their supremacy is immeasurable. They stand for freedom against slavery and for the cause of law against war in the government of men.

MOREOVER, agreement of the Big Four on the main objects, both of the war and the peace, is complete.

The common war aim is the destruction of the Nazi conspiracy to conquer and enslave the world.

The common peace aim is to make it impossible for such a conspiracy ever to be organised again.

In a word, the purpose of all is to root out the German peril now and for all time. For eighty years that peril, in ever-widening menace, has kept Europe and the world in ceaseless fear, punctuated by recurrent wars.

After the last war an attempt was made to destroy the peril by organising the world on the basis of voluntary collective security and disarmament.

IT FAILED BECAUSE, WHEN THE PERIL RE-ARMED IN SECRET, THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS HAD NO COLLECTIVE FORCE TO NIP IT IN THE BUD.

The lesson of that experience is clear. We can never again leave to moral suasion alone the task of keeping under control what Heine more than a century ago described as "the brutal German lust of battle."

If civilisation is not to succumb to barbarism it must be defended by superior force against force. There must be a preponderating power always at its command.

The nature of that preponderating power is twofold. It is air power and sea power.

WHATEVER constitutional form the New World Order assumes after the war, it should demilitarise the sea and the air.

It should internationalise air power and sea power for the sole purpose of policing the world against war.

Any attempt by any nation to establish control of the sea or the air should be instantly punished by economic and political outlawry.

If that had been done after the last war, if Britain, the United States and France had dedicated their sea and air power to the

HITLER'S HEADACHE: CAN G

AS British bombs are blasting vital German targets, as reports from the Russian front prove the failure of Nazi Blitzkrieg methods, and trains with wounded German soldiers pour back into the Reich, one question is on everybody's lips: "Can Germany take it?"

Swift successes enabled the Nazi leaders to carry the mass of the German people with them from one military adventure to another.

Many of these successes have actually obtained great benefits for the home front. Butter and eggs from Denmark, silk stockings and summer frocks from France, rich loot from half a dozen conquered countries doubtless raised German morale.

Changing Their Tune

Until a few months ago there had never been anything like a sustained air offensive against Germany. Damage done after sporadic British raids was hidden or quickly repaired. The Nazi High Command has been able to impress on the German people that "Germany can hand it out." The question whether Germany can take it has never troubled Hitler or Goebbels.

It must by now be keeping both of them awake at night. As they receive reports of the hammering which the R.A.F. is giving to Düsseldorf, Cologne, to Hamburg, Kiel and Emden, their whole tune is changing.

For the first time Nazi officials have to deal with evacuation problems on a large scale. They are confronted with desertion from the "Labour Front," with thousands of war workers who simply run away to escape the British bombs and try to get jobs in Southern Germany, where labour shortage is acute and few questions are asked.

The feeling of security of a people who have

placed the world under the League of Nations, Europe have been the shambles it is to gangsters of Berlin, Rome and never have brought their avenging world.

This is no time for recrimination. A passionate American to-day large measure of responsibility for the calamity which is due to his country of the peace in 1919.

The moral of that calamity is that of blood and fire over the earth. It is that it is futile if we again lose the peace.

If we lose the peace the world will not be killed. It will only be hurt.

In another quarter of a century its head once more and its generation in a sea of blood as this generation, and as it plunders.

IF WE WIN THE PEACE WE ONLY KILL THE GERMAN PEOPLE. WE SHALL CONSTRUCT SUCH A NEW WORLD SOCIETY AS WE REGENERATED GERMANY.

For the world is henceforth a new world—whether under universal law or the universal reign of law.

And it is in the power of the victors to proclaim and implement the new world.

Let them proclaim it now. Nations will flock to their standards. They will do as much to win the war as they have done in many bloody victories in the past.

The answer to Hitler's peace offensive is to launch our own.

WILLI FRISCHAUER, exiled Austrian writer, reading the signs of what is happening in Germany, poses a widespread question

not experienced warfare on their own generations has made the Germans more of war. Hitler knows that full well. He knows that the German people are now mourning, crying.

For the first time, too, leading Nazis are now mourning, crying.

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Now They Must Fight

For years the ruthless Stormtroopers, S.S. Black Guards have carried on a campaign of terror against the civilian population of Germany.

arrested, tortured, imprisoned thousands of defenceless, unarmed people. They must fight against opponents who shoot as well as they do.

NOW

ing of the world under the mandate of the League of Nations, Europe would not have been the shambles it is to-day, and the gangsters of Berlin, Rome and Tokyo would never have brought their avalanche of woe upon the world.

This is no time for recrimination. But no passionate American to-day doubts the large measure of responsibility for the present calamity which is due to his country's desertion of the peace in 1919.

The moral of that calamity is written in letters of blood and fire over the whole face of the earth. It is that it is futile to win this war if we again lose the peace.

If we lose the peace the German peril will not be killed. It will only be scotched.

In another quarter of a century it will rear its head once more and plunge the next generation in a sea of blood as it has plunged this generation, and as it plunged the last.

IF WE WIN THE PEACE WE SHALL NOT ONLY KILL THE GERMAN PERIL, BUT WE SHALL CONSTRUCT SUCH A FRAMEWORK OF WORLD SOCIETY AS WILL ADMIT A REGENERATED GERMANY INTO ITS PATTERN.

For the world is henceforth one and indivisible—whether under universal anarchy or the universal reign of law.

And it is in the power of the Big Four to proclaim and implement the reign of law.

Let them proclaim it now, and all the nations will flock to their standard, and they will do as much to win the war as will be done by many bloody victories in battle.

The answer to Hitler's peace offensive is to launch our own.

ACHE: CAN GERMANY TAKE IT?

WILL FRISCHAUER, exiled Austrian writer, reading the signs of what is happening in Germany, probes a widespread question

ot experienced warfare on their own soil for generations has made the Germans more nervous. Hitler knows that full well. All his error methods inside Germany or against her have been accompanied by bomb-throwing, explosions, deliberate shootings.

For the first time, too, German casualties in this war are heavy.

Hitler fears the sorrow of German families. He knows that the German widows who only a few years ago were a bunch of enthusiastic girls are now mourning, crying, wondering. For the first time, too, leading Nazis suffer with the ordinary people. Keitel, Hitler's subordinate War Minister, Frick, Minister of Interior, have lost their sons in Russia.

Thousands of minor Nazi officials who have grabbed soft jobs, Jewish shops, their Socialist neighbor's house and enjoyed their dictatorial position in the district are now private soldiers or N.C.O.s in the Reichswehr. Many of them have been killed or wounded, all of the older have boys fighting in Russia.

Now They Must Fight

For years the ruthless Stormtroopers, the brutal Black Guards have carried on a war against the civil population of Germany. They have arrested, tortured, imprisoned thousands of helpless, unarmed people. Now they fight against opponents who shoot back and shoot as well as they do.

BEHIND the German lines Russian women snipers creep up under cover of camouflage, which is so skilful that it is uncanny.

Trained and expert in the use of the rifle, their sharp-shooting is deadly accurate, and they wage unceasing guerilla warfare in the enemy's rear, with devastating and demoralising effect.

Whole Divisions of Women

These girls are some of the 750,000 women who are actual combatants in the Soviet Forces.

Whole divisions of sappers and miners, in the engineering and fighting section of the Russian Army, are entirely composed of women, and commanded by women officers.

Machine-guns are "manned" and operated by women, who work in teams of five. In the last manoeuvres before the war the women's machine-gun detachments were proved equal in speed and efficiency to the men's, and the average time they took to erect a full machine-gun emplacement was just thirty-five seconds.

Others can drive light and medium tanks into battle. After they have been through an intensive training course they handle their mechanised steeds with easy confidence.

Most of the field telephone services which are now in action are worked and run by girls, and are kept in repair by women soldier technicians.

Then women soldiers do garrison duty, which consists of keeping order, building defences, and dig-

They were trained to crush resistance with a quick shot. How many Germans have been murdered "while resisting arrest"? Now they are being shot at and are killed in their thousands.

While they survive they are once more, like their fathers in the last war, tormented by thoughts about their families at home. From Russia's scorched earth they cannot now send back the food parcels, the little luxuries which delighted their wives and children when they arrived from Holland, Norway and Rumania.

Hounded by Fear

They are no longer writing letters describing their easy victories against the Danes and the Bulgarians.

Yet, night and day, they are hounded by fear that their houses will be destroyed by British bombs.

Once more they know that the German home front is in danger. Once again they must be feeling the urge to go home—the same urge that sent their fathers home in disorder from the French front in 1918.

No. I do not expect the German morale to crack quickly or at once. But as the war in Russia drags on, as winter comes nearer, as the food position in Germany deteriorates, the ordeal of the Nazi home front will increase. With incessant British bombing, with Flying Fortresses that will soon penetrate into every corner of the Reich, this ordeal will become intolerable.

I should not be surprised if it should prove too much, once German power of resistance is exhausted after yet one more winter of war and deprivation.



The 750,000 women and girls in the Soviet Forces make as good soldiers as any of the 12,000,000 men. Here are two snipers

Girls are Fighting in the Red Armies

ging trenches to keep the invader out. They also "man" balloon barrages.

The women in the Soviet Fighting Forces receive the same pay and treatment as men. They are eligible for commissions, and some even hold commissions in male regiments.

Officers Chosen by Vote

All the officers in the women's battalions are chosen by the vote of the women themselves.

After they have been elected by their comrades they are sent to military academies to train beside the men students in specialised courses.

As a result, there are about 160 women serving as senior and junior staff officers in the Russian Fighting Services, at least five of whom are generals.

The women's units were trained in the Turko-Siberian area, east of the Caspian Sea, where they underwent a training hardly less stringent than that of the men.

During the military course women battalions in full marching kit—which in Russian war equipment weighs about 65 lb.—did a route march of 160 miles in six days.

After only one day's rest they returned to their base, covering the same distance at the same pace. And not one single woman fell out.

They are trained to swim with full equipment in rivers against strong currents. They must also harden themselves against the effects of cold and short rations.

Seasoned "Veterans"

Military service is not compulsory for Russian women. Contingents were first formed in 1929.

Recently in the Russo-Finnish war the Finns claimed that Russian women parachutists and aviators took an active part in the campaign.

There are many expert women parachutists attached to the Soviet Army. They are dropped behind the German lines for espionage and sabotage purposes, and there are probably about 150,000 of them on active service.

For the past ten years parachute

jumping has been widely encouraged as a pastime in Russia.

The "Osoviakhim," the Russian A.R.P. organisation, started youth movements, and clubs were formed for parachutists.

A medical board selected those who were fit enough to stand the strain of parachute-jumping, after which the would-be parachutists had to undergo a special training.

In addition to this they have lectures on air conditions at various altitudes. They have to follow a special régime, with plenty of exercise and physical training, and when necessary a special diet.

Girls are very enthusiastic and keen on parachuting, undergoing their training with the men. Some have qualified and become instructors.

They Hold the Records

Four out of five of the chief parachute "records" are held by women. The delayed-action jump, the highest jump, the directional jump and the longest time in the air.

Women doctors and nurses urgently needed are sent by aeroplane and dropped by parachute. Women engineers are also parachuted wherever they are required.

Airwomen, too, have to be expert parachutists. Russian women are flying reconnaissance planes, and acting as pilots, bomb-aimers, navigators and rear-gunners.

The Germans have said that about one-third of the armies defending the Moscow areas are composed of women. Obviously they want to bolster up the weakening morale of their own troops by lies suggesting that there are only women left to fight.

The Soviet Government is justly proud of its women warriors. But naturally it does not want the world to imagine that there are fantastic numbers of women in the Russian Services.

When we consider that there are something like 12,000,000 men in the Soviet Forces, the figure of 750,000 women seems comparatively small.

Yet in no country in the world are women playing a greater or nobler part in the struggle for Freedom than in Russia to-day.

FOOD SHARKS are BUSY

Sir
Wyndham
Childs
Page

NOW that Lord Woolton has abolished the Food Price Regulation Committees, housewives will be in greater need of protection from swindling food crooks and unscrupulous shopkeepers.

It may be that the proposed licensing scheme will, in time, squeeze out the bigger crooks.

But the petty rogues find profiteering easier than ever now that hundreds of

"Food Price Watchers" have been sacked.

Food price offences were already increasing.

Soon, I am afraid, they may become as numerous as blackberries in autumn.

A growing scandal which affects every household in the country and calls for drastic penalties is what I may describe as the Great Short Weight Ramp.

In these days of rushes and queues unscrupulous tradesmen have plenty of opportunities for giving short weight.

Few housewives have reliable scales on which to check the weight of their purchases. The result is that many are being cheated.

A London woman recently made six purchases and on returning home and weighing the goods found that she had been given short weight on five items.

These included meat, sausages, currants, bacon and peas.

She was naturally indignant and reported the matter to the local Food Office. But the staff was so busily engaged with rationing problems that she was told to "call some other time".

How encouraging for the short-weight swindler!

A Northern housewife bought a basket of raspberries for 3s. 6d. and found that

the fruit weighed 1 lb. 14 oz.—this when the controlled price was 9d. per lb.!

She went to the local Food Office, but was told that as they had no scales to check the weight she had better go to the Town Hall!

A woman at Streatham, London, was charged for 2 lb. of beef when the actual weight was 1 lb. 8 oz.

These are typical of the complaints reaching me by almost every post.

ANOTHER trick of some butchers is to give a bill showing the price but not the weight of meat bought, so that the customer cannot prove profiteering.

Horse-flesh is also being sold to unsuspecting customers by unscrupulous traders either in sausage form or in tins, described as "meat roll."

In a Midland town recently it was found that tins of "pork" sold at a high price contained only 2 per cent. of meat.

It is a fact that many of the worst food swindles are to be found in tins.

There have been several prosecutions, but many more are necessary if such trickery is to be stamped out.

Food inspectors are overworked. More of them should be appointed as watchdogs protecting the public.

In some areas meat officially pronounced unfit for human consumption is being foisted off on the public.

At a South Coast town 500 lb. of meat which had been thus condemned was found on a butcher's premises. It had been bought at a knock-out price of 4d. per lb., and but for this eleventh-hour discovery would have been used for making sausages!

Many cases of food poisoning have doubtless been caused by the sale of unfit meat in or out of tins.

Certainly there is need for great alertness on the part of local Food Officers to deal with the menace of unfit food being palmed off on the public.

Far heavier penalties must also be imposed by local magistrates.

To fine a firm a paltry £9 for selling horse-flesh in tins as "meat roll," without stating the contents on the label, is not a penalty, but an encouragement to continue deluding the public.

A butcher who was found to have a large quantity of condemned meat was let off with a trifling fine. He deserved imprisonment.

The Strange Activities of Madame Lawrence

FORTUNE-TELLING, clairvoyance, occult and psychic healing, massage, friendship leagues and correspondence clubs are part of the fascinating activities of many charlatans whom I have exposed repeatedly.

Especially do they seem to flourish in war conditions, when loneliness and anxiety tend to drive many people into the arms of those whom they believe can ease their burdens.

For this reason I would draw attention to the strange activities of Madame Montague Lawrence, who runs the Baker Street Institute of Practical Mental Science and Applied Psychology from an address at Sloane Square, London.

It seems that Madame Lawrence, who claims that her "touch heals bodies and her eyes cure souls," is so concerned with the problem of lonely people that she has established a Private Section of her Universal Friendship League, where satisfaction is guaranteed at a fee of one guinea a month, plus five shillings for an interview.

An Obvious Danger

In a postscript to a young man she adds: "Have many charming young ladies suitable to you."

The danger of such introductions is obvious.

But Madame Lawrence does not confine herself to friendship and match-making. She also indulges in "All Occult, Psychic and Massage Work," in which she is assisted by Paulus Wren.

This individual is described as "the world-renowned metaphysician, masseur, osteopath and psychic healer."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A READER who prefers to be anonymous, "The Watcher," Canvey Island, Essex, has been awarded this week's £1 ls. for information of topical importance. I am glad to receive letters on any subject calling for inquiry. Mark letters, "Public Benefactor."

Madame Lawrence must be a very busy woman, for in addition to all the activities I have mentioned she offers private consultations for clairvoyance and palmistry.

Paying for Flapdoodle

Readings cost from five shillings to a guinea and upwards, according, I imagine, to how much the sitter is prepared to pay.

In conclusion, Madame Lawrence offers her "radiant greetings," but I doubt if clients of her Institute of Practical Mental Science will feel particularly radiant after having parted with fees for such palpable flapdoodle.

QUARTET OF WAR SWINDLES

BEWARE the latest song racket. Door-to-door canvassers are busy in many towns selling songs with patriotic titles at fancy prices to unsuspecting householders.

These rogues succeed because they often imitate the methods of reputable and deserving charity organisations.

Sometimes the mayor of the town is mentioned as a supporter of the scheme for "Singing the Way to Victory."

Too many patriotic people have paid shillings for songs not worth tuppence, thinking they were thereby helping the war effort and providing comforts for the Services.

Instead they provide "comforts" for these self-helping song swindlers.

LOOK out for clubs ostensibly formed to celebrate victory.

These optimists speak of an early peace, and they are preparing a grand local function to celebrate.

They tell of a concert, dinner and dance to be held at a local hall, at which the "mayor may attend."

The idea is to collect small weekly sums to pay for the communal Victory celebrations.

Some of the Victory Club organisers have already made considerable aggre-

gate hauls in small sums from factory workers, and those employed in offices—and have then disappeared.

Such mean tricksters deserve to hold their own peace celebrations in jail.

ANOTHER type of swindler very active in blitzed areas is the bogus house repairs expert, who offers, for a small fee, to keep your house in good order, doing necessary painting and repairs, without extra charge.

Forms are signed, the fee is paid in advance, and when repairs are found necessary it is also found that the expert has disappeared without leaving an address.

THE bombed towns are also suffering from the visitations of fee-snatchers who offer to handle householders' claims for accidents or bomb damage to their property.

A preliminary fee for investigating the claim and "negotiating a settlement" may be anything from 10s. 6d. upwards, plus 10 per cent. of the amount of compensation claimed.

Have nothing to do with these sharks, but consult the local Citizens' Advice Bureau.



Queues are another growing evil that could be stopped if there were better distribution and control of unrationed food

Obviously, the public needs greater protection from traders who sell food-stuffs of poor quality, and from those who specialise in charging high prices for short-weight quantities.

To throw the responsibility of detecting and dealing with these racketeers on the hard-worked housewife and the under-staffed local Food Office is unfair, and an ineffectual method of dealing with the problem.

Lord Woolton, as Minister of Food, with his staff of 31,300, should be able to organise a service of watch-dog food inspectors to afford the public adequate protection.

Going, Going—Gone!

THE mock auctioneer racketeers who are barred from making their customary haul at seaside resorts are concentrating on the busy munition-making towns.

At the week-end, munition workers with their pay-packets are enticed into the auction-rooms by the promise of "goods to be sold regardless of cost."

Recently, at Slough, proceedings began with the auctioneer "giving away" a few packets of aspirin tablets, and razor blades.

The trap was thus baited before the real business of "rooking the mugs" began.

Flashy-looking jewellery, coffee-sets, canteens of cutlery, etc., were sold at prices that were certainly not "regardless of cost."

Few buyers who have paid dearly at these "mock auctions" will complain to the police. They are content to "buy their experience" with a rueful smile.

Deceiving the Public

In the munition-making towns workers are attracted when posters announce "A Great Realisation Sale."

In fact, all the usual arrangements for a genuine auction sale are arranged to deceive the public.

When the auction starts confederates of the auctioneer will rush up the bidding, with the result that a buyer may find that in the excitement he has bid twenty shillings for a necklace which could be bought elsewhere for about five shillings.

A reader who complains of this method of "highway robbery" states that he paid £5 for a case of cutlery "entirely different to the one I was shown."

These are the usual tricks of the "mock" auctioneers, who are out to fleece the public.

Avoid them and save your money.

Voice of the People

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

A YOUNG American has just joined the R.A.F.

His mother sent him a silk scarf. He was refused it until he paid Customs duty, one of 20 per cent. ad valorem.

Is this encouragement?—Alfred P. Goodale, 33, Hamstel Road, Southend-on-Sea.

It isn't. American ferry pilots get £1,800 a year free of income tax (well deserved in view of the risks they take and the importance of their help). But notice that "free of income tax." Why should an American boy who serves in a slightly lesser capacity be told "How dare you ask for tax concessions!"

Hard Up?

All this talk of new payments to the Home Guard.

I belong to the 1st Bristol City Battalion (G.C. Division).

We are still waiting for the moneys due to us last March—and all payments since.

We are fobbed off with such talk as "I shall be seeing So-and-So to-morrow"—which you don't expect to hear from anybody but bankrupt firms unable to discharge their first duty—that to their employees. —Private —, Highfield Grove, Bristol, 7.

Sweets for All

In High Road, Raunds, Northampton, is a grocer who can teach the tradesmen of this country something in the way of elemental fairness.

Saturday afternoon is reserved for the children.

That day all the available sweets are put on show. Regulars (local youngsters and evacuees alike) file by with their pennies to receive their fair share.

Influence doesn't count. Nor does position. You are a kid wanting sweets—that's all that matters.—Mrs. E. Bates, Stratford Avenue, Barkingside.

Wheat to Waste

Wheat, golden grain brought here at the risk of sailors' lives, is being wasted every day.

Instead of being put in special grain wagons, it is put in ordinary goods vehicles.

After shunting, it begins to run through cracks—to waste.

Last year there was a track of growing wheat from the Midlands to London.—T. H. W., Far Cotton, Northampton.

Grow More Fruit

When reconstruction begins, make it compulsory to plant a fruit tree in any new garden of suitable size.

They enhance the beauty of the landscape. They transform a drab town into an orchard. They provide the most effective camouflage for building.

Besides, fruit is good for us, and it has taken a war to prove that there are far too few fruit trees in the country.—Miss May L. Cox, Great West Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

Sign, Please!

My friend is one of those unfortunate people who have to insist that people shall fill up Government forms. In his

case he has to get hordes of signatures on Ministry of Shipping documents.

Recently he had to ask an old sea captain to fill up a batch of these tedious documents.

"I suppose this red tape is necessary," said the old salt.

"Yes," said my friend, who secretly hates circumlocution. "It's the war, you know."

"Oh, it's the war," said the sailor. "I see. So I suppose our fellows had to fill up forms before they left Crete."—Arthur Wood, 56, Blakesley Road, Yardley, Birmingham.

It's a Lovely War

I live in the Lea Valley, that chain of thousands of acres of hot-houses that spreads for miles to the doorstep of London.

Most of us must thank our stars for war.

We have never known such prosperity. War had turned every cucumber into half-a-crown. Mugs who arrive by car will pay anything to buy tomatoes, and there's no need to pay income tax on fruit carried from the greenhouse to the front gate.

The grower's son need not serve in the

Armed Forces. This is mammoth money-making without risk. Why should we wish for peace to enable a few women to get their husbands back?

Needless to say, I don't mean all this. I am a soldier's wife, not a grower.—Mrs. A. H., Cheshunt, Hertfordshire.

Y Oh Y?

I am one of the many thousands of twenty-one-year-old women registered for war work.

Women in my town are having to work at the town Y some twenty miles away.

Women at Y are being made to work at factories round my home.

Their ages are the same. Their capabilities are the same.

I can see no other reason for such chaos than that some highly paid brass-hat enjoys the spectacle of loaded buses passing each other on country lanes.—Miss Annie Hewitt (address withheld for obvious reasons).

Pit Mismanagement

JOHN BULL's article on petrol wasters is very much to the point, as usual.

But where are all these petrol substitutes we heard so much about two years

ago, and which served us so well in the last war?

The balloon of gas on a car roof. The coke-burning trailer.—A. L. H., Pester-ton, Scotland.

Having drafted miners into the Army there's no coal for the gas balloons, no coke for the trailers. Gasworks are even finding it difficult to get fuel for domestic gas-making. In other words, inefficiency has killed the petrol substitute.

Man of All Work

Sanitation is highly important to an army. If you don't believe it, read the awful story of the Crimean campaign.

My husband happens to be a qualified sanitary engineer of many years' practical experience.

Although a veteran of the last war, he felt it his duty to throw up a good job and give his services to the country.

The Army soon had him doing foot-drill and saluting by numbers. At last they spent money giving him a course of sanitation. A chance at last?

No. Ever since, they have had him coal-heaving and running occasional errands.—Mrs. B. A., Lower Compton, Plymouth

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID



WHAT DO RUSSIANS REALLY THINK?

● I, who move freely among all classes and parties and creeds, have been amazed in recent weeks at the frankness with which the well-informed Russians in London talk of how Germany cannot beat them.

They are surprised at the world's surprise at the stand their armies have made.

"Our nation has had twenty years of liberty," they say. "Every worker and peasant

in the Soviet Union is convinced that he is helping to build up a new order of society, and for this he was prepared to die."

They tell me how, after their Munich and the Pact they signed with Hitler in 1939, they used the time in studying Hitler's methods in the Low Countries, in France, and in the Balkans, and in developing modern ideas of strategy which they had been evolving for years.

Mind you, they said this in the first hour of Hitler's onslaught. They maintain it to-day. They are certain of victory.

ARE PARSONS OUT OF TOUCH?

● Sunday wireless sermons and most of the week-day addresses have convinced many people that parsons generally are completely out of touch with modern thought.

Now and then, you get a surprise. A few Sundays ago, for instance, the Bishop of London, when preaching at Pinner, ignored his notes, discussed the news events of the hour and asked the congregation: "Did you hear Dorothy Thompson's broadcast?"

Perhaps it is that the ministers who are really doing a job remain unknown outside their own parishes.

If this is not true, if the broadcast sermons are typical, then, indeed, is the plight of the Church desperate.

But then the Malvern Conference, which demanded that Christian ethics should invade every branch of life and that a new social order should be created, passed almost unnoticed.

WHY ARE OFFICIALS THE WORST WASTERS?

● A notice near my flat, one warning against the waste of water, starts with the words, "Those who waste help the enemy."

Yet there is such a general wastage by Government officials of all kinds right across the country that business men hazard the guess that it is costing us £2,000,000 a day.

More and more, young men being called up are wearing uniforms while they do unnecessary work.

In Whitehall and in the different districts, overlapping of every kind necessitates the use of more and more officials, and these are compiling and distributing so many circulars and orders of all kinds, most of them sheer waste.

When the village of Cropwell Bishop (Notts.) received a stoutly bound register for keeping the records of food preserving, it was found to consist of 144 pages.

"I could keep all the necessary information and records on a couple of sheets of foolscap," declared the president of the local Women's Institute.

This is typical.

SHALL WE INVADE?

● Nazis are reported to be getting jittery on the long coastline they have to defend.

Meanwhile, American opinion is getting critical of our failure to help Russia by invading the Continent, and here also there is criticism.

The reason is that, because we did not appoint a Minister of Production a year ago, we have wasted months. There arose, as for instance, a shortage of the ships needed for conveying troops across the Channel or the North Sea.

We still need more munitions.

We should have to face, on the French coast, heavy armaments, taken by the Germans from the Maginot Line.

Still, it is dangerous to write even this, for, while the words are being printed, we may have started an invasion unexpectedly.

Naturally, it would be a surprise. I should not know any more than you would.

ARE WE PROFITING BY THE LULL?

● Paul Patterson, proprietor of the *Baltimore Sun*, told me the other day that American editor friends of his and his associates all wanted him to find out whether the lull had slackened British determination.

As a consequence he had purposely refused to avail himself of privy-gees, but had waited in the queues and mixed among the people, gone unexpectedly to A.R.P. stations and visited fire-watchers. Generally, he said, the words he heard were: "You wait till they start again! We are ready for them."

His view is that of an unprejudiced, keen observer, new to the war, and eager to learn the facts.

CAN THE AEROPLANE PROVE A BLESSING?

● We think of the aeroplane, in these days, as merely a weapon of destruction. We forget that all inventions can be used for evil purposes.

Gunpowder was not intended for the destruction of life. It was merely a scientific discovery.

Most things that were the accidental, or the planned, result of man's curiosity have been used both for good and ill.

Even chloroform has been the means by which gangsters have had their faces so disguised by crooked surgeons that they have dodged the law.

The aeroplane, when this war is forgotten, will have brought nations so close together that trans-Atlantic travel, instead of taking five days, will be a matter of only a few hours.

Already a *New York Times* has been brought to London within fifteen hours of its publication.

"JOHN BULL'S" **TEN-MINUTE** **STORY**

THERE was a blight on the little pub out Purley way. "It's the war," they said, of course. And, of course, it was.

Many of the younger men had gone into the Forces; many of the elders had moved elsewhere. There wasn't the fun in the little pub that there used to be. Even those who still remained had half a mind to transfer their custom to some other house. The little pub was quite dead.

And then, suddenly, one night, Horatio appeared. He seemed to appear from nowhere. Certainly nobody knew him, and he didn't say where he had come from.

He came in as anybody might come in; he asked for a pint and put half-a-crown on the counter. As ordinary as ordinary, you might say.

Well, the barmaid drew the pint, put the tankard down on the counter, reached for the half-crown and—the half-crown was not there! It was three feet away along the counter.

The barmaid blinked, looked at Horatio, blinked again, put out her hand for the distant half-crown and—it was gone again!

The barmaid looked as if something had hit her.

"You'll want some money," said Horatio, and gave her half-a-crown.

"Here!" exclaimed the barmaid, "how did you do that?"

"Do what?" said Horatio.

"Make that half-crown jump."

"Who did?" said Horatio.

"You are a one!" said the barmaid.

Horatio laughed and the barmaid called old Diver over from his corner.

"See this gentleman do this," said the barmaid to old Diver. And to Horatio: "Show this gentleman, will you? Do it again."

"Didn't do anything," said Horatio.

"What's all this?" asked old Diver.

"Your change," said the barmaid to Horatio, rattling coins on the counter.

"Where?" said Horatio.

And indeed there was no money there.

"Ah!" cried Horatio, "there it is." And there it was—three feet along the counter. Horatio picked it up and slipped it in his pocket.

"You are a one!" the barmaid repeated.

And that's just what Horatio was: a one. He spent the next half-hour making a penny turn up here and vanish there right under the noses of the barmaid and old Diver, and he offered to stand pints round if anybody could show him how he did it. The barmaid couldn't show him. Old Diver couldn't, though he kept his eyes almost glued to the penny.

Others came in and had a try, but nobody won a pint.

HOWEVER, everybody had a good time, for Horatio was such a one.

He had a bellow of a laugh, and it did you good just to meet him. When ten o'clock came he raised his hat to everybody, gave a hearty wink and went, saying:

"See you all to-morrow."

"I like him," said the barmaid.

"He's damn good!" agreed old Diver.

And old Diver must have talked a bit next day, for on that evening there were a few more customers in the little pub out Purley way. And they all seemed to be gathering round Horatio.

Horatio, of course, had to do his trick with the vanishing penny all over again. In fact, he had to keep on doing it all night. He made his offer again, and everybody present had a go—or several—but nobody won the free pint. Horatio,



By
**WILL
SCOTT**

The Disappearist

though, had a few free pints during the evening. There seemed keen competition to stand them.

The next night there was quite a little crowd in the pub, and it was almost like the good old days before the war. Horatio told them a wonderful story of how he escaped from cannibals in the South Seas. It was an amazing story. It went on till closing time, when it transpired that Horatio had never been in the South Seas at all. But he told it so well that everybody was breathless for an hour and a half. Nobody moved except to buy pints—many of them for Horatio.

"WHAT a have!" said the barmaid. "I'd like you to pull old Fisher's leg with that. But we never see old Fisher now. Could anybody get old Fisher here to-morrow night?"

So somebody did, and old Fisher's leg was well and truly pulled for ninety minutes, at the end of which everybody except old Fisher laughed till they cried, and Horatio was voted the most popular man that had ever been seen in the pub.

On the Friday night he gave his life-like imitation of Gracie Fields—which was voted a real scream—and on the Saturday, when the pub was packed to the doors for the first time since the war, he had to do this all over again, and his cannibal story, and his jumping penny.

"He's a card!" said old Diver.

"He's a wonder!" said somebody else.

"See you Monday!" said everybody when closing time came.

"Aha!" said Horatio cheerfully.

But they didn't see him Monday. The cheerful Horatio, indeed, was never seen again in the little pub out Purley way.

For weeks everybody kept on hoping. But Horatio, like his famous penny, had disappeared.

About four months later old Diver was having lunch in the City with Cummins, who lives at Muswell Hill, and during their chattering Cummins happened to mention a real life and soul who had recently turned up at his local.

"I don't know who he is or where he's come from," said Cummins, "but he's a real knock-out, believe me. Talk about laugh! He tells a story about how he was once captured by cannibals in the South Seas, and he does a trick with a penny—"

"Don't tell me he does a staggering impersonation of Gracie Fields!" gasped old Diver.

"Why, yes, he does."

"And his name is Horatio?"

"Then you know him?"

Old Diver proceeded with his own story of how Horatio had in six nights become the most popular man ever seen in the little pub out Purley way, and how, after the sixth night, he had disappeared never to be seen again.

"Strange," said Cummins.

"And would I like to ask him why?" said old Diver. "Look here, old man, if you can put me up for the night I'll telephone my wife to say I shan't be home, and I'll come out with you and I will ask him."

"Good enough," said Cummins.

And that evening he took old Diver out to Muswell Hill and round to his favourite local.

They got there at half-past eight, and by five to ten it was obvious that something had gone wrong. No Horatio! The bar was pretty well full, and obviously, everybody was waiting for Horatio. But they were waiting in vain.

"How long has he been coming here?" old Diver asked.

"About a week," said Cummins.

"Same as with us. Well, I don't know what it means, but I feel it in my bones that you've seen the last of Horatio."

AND he was right. For Horatio was never seen again in the pub at Muswell Hill. He had vanished, as months before he had vanished from Purley.

Nobody could understand it. It wasn't as if he had borrowed any money. He hadn't borrowed a bean.

And that was that.

Old Diver worried about it at first. He liked to know what things meant, and this Horatio affair didn't seem to mean anything. Many more months went by. The little pub out Purley way had reverted to its war time gloom. Life

He spent the next half-hour making a penny turn up here and vanish there, right under the noses of the barmaid and old Diver, and he offered to stand pints round if anybody could show him how he did it. The barmaid couldn't show him. Old Diver couldn't, though he kept his eyes almost glued to the penny.

was a sad business and old Diver a sad man again.

Then one evening, after a hard day on the road, he dropped into a little pub near Shepherd's Bush for a much-needed pint.

A man was standing at the counter, raising a pint, and the barmaid was reaching to pick up a coin he had put down, when suddenly the coin was not there!

"Here!" exclaimed the barmaid. "What's the idea? Oh!" For she had spotted the coin a little farther along the counter. "Well, I must have had one over the sixty, I must!"

Again she tried to pick up the coin, but again it was somewhere else.

Then the customer put back his head and roared with laughter, and the barmaid had to laugh, too.

When the incident was over—including the incident of the customer's jumping change—old Diver gently tapped the customer on the arm.

"Horatio," he said, "I'd like a word with you."

Horatio started and looked round, recognised old Diver and tried to keep a sheepish look off his face.

"Over in this quiet corner, I think," said old Diver.

And over into the quiet corner they went.

"IT may be no business of mine, Horatio," said old Diver, "but once, after becoming the most popular man in the place, you disappeared from a little pub out Purley way, after only a week."

"Purley's such a long way to go," said Horatio.

"Also," added Diver, "after only a week you disappeared from a pub at Muswell Hill."

"Oh!" said Horatio, "I didn't know you'd found that out."

"Any other places?"

"Dozens!"

"Well?"

Horatio sighed.

"It's a fair cop," he said, "I'll make a full confession. You see, I can have a good time and get as many pints as I like for a week. For six or seven nights I can be the life and soul of any party. They love me. But my trouble is that the only story I can tell really well is my cannibal one. The only trick I was ever able to learn is that one with the penny. And, try as I will, I cannot imitate anybody but Gracie Fields. See?"

"Go on," said Diver.

"Just once," Horatio went on, "I stopped a fortnight in a pub. At the end of two weeks they were so fed up with my story, my jumping penny and my imitation of Gracie Fields, that they wanted to run me out. They hated me! And so—"

"I get you," said Diver. "Now, what about a nice half of bitter?"

"I'd like a pint," said Horatio.

He got it.

A READER WRITES: "Many thanks for your reply to my enquiry. Your Free Advice Service alone makes it worth while being a regular reader of JOHN BULL."

We receive many letters like this, and would reiterate our satisfaction at being able to serve our readers. If you want information on any matter, drop us a line. There is a fully qualified staff to deal with all your problems.

It is no trouble to us, so long as we can satisfy you. A recent reply to a reader comprised only two lines of typewriting, but it took one and a half hours of research to ascertain the information requested. But it is our pleasure to be helpful, and the service offered is absolutely free.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope is all you need send with your enquiry.

Strictly in Confidence

HUMANIST this week deals with a situation in which a broken promise is of less importance than the good its breaking will achieve; cites a curious case of phobia; and points the difference between "borrowing" and stealing

It is rather flattering to be allowed to share a secret. It implies that one is sympathetic and understanding; that one can be trusted. But it can also become very embarrassing on occasion.

A man of forty-five has written to me because he is in an awkward dilemma and wants advice about what to do.

For some reason which I can't explain (he says), people treat me as a Father Confessor. Young men and women talk to me in confidence about their problems, and it is always assumed that their secrets are safe.

Two or three days ago a girl of nineteen told me, after exacting a vow of secrecy, that she is engaged to a foreign soldier who is fighting on our side. They intend to marry before the news is broken to her parents.

The girl knows little of the young Romeo, but he looks dashing and handsome. I am certain her parents would be appalled if they knew what was afoot. I have been friendly with the father for many years and am a frequent visitor in the home.

I should be severely blamed if my complicity in this romantic plot were known, and so I should deserve to be. But I have given my word not to tell. It's an awful dilemma and is spoiling my peace of mind.

Please tell me what you would do in my position.

In the first place I should have a frank fatherly talk to the girl herself. I should tell her that she cannot marry without her parents' permission until she reaches the age of twenty-one. That ought to have an immediate effect.

Since he has given his pledge of secrecy he cannot break it without many misgivings. If he cannot persuade the girl to tell her own mother or father he may decide that he must do so himself. But he must warn the girl beforehand and give her the chance of forestalling him.

I think, too, he should ask to be introduced to the young soldier and talk to him like an uncle. If the man is decent, he will see that the trick against the parents ought not to be played. If he is not decent, he should be stopped by force.

STARVATION

STARVATION! That's the German's last gift to any country, my friend, it follows as night follows day; it's the way all their conquests must end. And streets which were once bright and gay will be filled with the weakened tread of shuffling, foodless people whose faces are grey with dread.

STARVATION will stalk the earth, unless this fight be won, unless we all do our part, and do all that must be done. Unless we all pull our weight and keep our eyes on the goal, for every task that's left undone, **HUNGER** will wring some soul.

STARVATION! That's why we must fight as we've NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE; we've got to save all the people who have been stricken in this war, beneath the Nazi's Heel in a Fate that is Worse than Death. WE'VE GOT TO BRING BACK TO LIVING FREEDOM'S LIFE - GIVING BREATH.

J. M.

The writer cannot "stay put" and do nothing until it is too late.

He does not like to break his word given in a careless moment. He has no right to endanger the happiness of two young lives for such a motive.

Now for an entirely different sort of problem sent by a woman of twenty-seven.

I have a terrible fear of things that flutter (she writes), and the worst are moths. It has haunted me all my life. My husband, who is very understanding, has tried patiently for years to cure me, but as he can do nothing he suggests my writing to you about it.

Let me explain. . . I am not at all afraid of rats, mice, dogs, cats, horses, cows, frogs, thunder, or any of the things that other women fear. But if I see a piece of paper flutter in the breeze I nearly faint away.

I can hold a hen under my arm, but dare not put it down unless someone is there to hold its wings down. I am petrified if I see a dragon-fly. I would rather a wasp than a butterfly come near me. I cannot go into a room if the bird is out of the cage.

Have you seen these wooden birds

kiddies fly? They swing them round on a string and the tail flutters. I know they are made of wood, but that does not prevent my being terror-stricken.

My husband wonders whether I should be cured if he gave me a bad shock, but he won't do it without knowing what you think about it.

I want to have a baby. I have wanted one for years. But I am afraid of what would happen if I got a shock during my waiting-time.

If you can give me any advice I shall be very grateful. I have great confidence in you.

It is clear that the writer is suffering from a bad phobia—an unreasoned and unreasonable fear.

She will not be cured by having a shock, and I advise the husband not to attempt it.

I could not cure her unless I knew the origin of the fear, and that is probably a buried memory from early infancy. Only a psychologist could "dig it out"—and it might take a long time.

THERE is room for one more problem, which must be dealt with very briefly.

What can be done about people who borrow books without the slightest intention of returning them? (asks a reader).

I have an uncle who never visits the house without walking off with one or

GREY-HAIRED WOMEN WHO DRIVE THROUGH HELL

DURING the last war "Jane" was a Wren. Which, perhaps, dates her a little. But when this war came along "Jane," now grey-haired, decided she would like to do her bit again. Preferably in a service which offered action and excitement.

So she chose . . . ut the most exciting and dangerous service of the lot. She joined the London ambulance service.

And here is a story of a fairly typical night in the new life of "Jane." It is told by her station officer, Mrs. Ian Black, wife of a naval officer and chief of one of Westminster's ambulance depots.

At 11.30 on the night of one of the worst raids there was a call for a car. "Jane," who had just reported for duty—she was not officially on duty at all—drove off at once.

As she was entering a building to find her casualties (not one of the ambulance duties, incidentally) a heavy bomb crashed down, demolishing her car. "Jane" was buried by a wall, which fell on top of her, but she tunnelled her way out and, bleeding from head wounds, gave first aid to others who were hit.

She protested when a car was sent to take her back to the station, where her wounds were stitched. Immediately this was done, "Jane" was back on the job and worked for the rest of the night. Then she collapsed.

Telling America

The story of "Jane"—nickname for Mrs. Lucy Hedges, of Kensington—is only one of those which Mrs. Black will tell on the six weeks' lecture tour of the United States which she started in July.

Though possibly she will forget to tell how she herself has again and again driven ambulances under fire to pick up the wounded.

But Mrs. Black will find sufficient material among the records of heroism which have distinguished the other women members of the London ambulance service.

Here is one of the "toughest" blitz jobs there is. One which brings its members up against the most terrible experiences and sights.

Yet about half the personnel are women—some of them grey-haired, like "Jane," others young girls barely out of school whom one would forgive, in peace time, for fainting at the sight of a cut thumb.

In the East of London, it is true, most of the members are now men. But in the north-west women predominate. In the other stations the proportions are about 50-50.

During a real blitz there is sleep for none, and a crew reporting home may be sent straight out again, with hours of duty forgotten.

A Hellish Night

It seems unlikely that Miss Ruby Sandford, of Brent Park Road, for instance, considered duty hours during a hellish night which earned her the British Empire Medal.

It was one of the most intensive blitzes London has ever seen, and her ambulance had to detour for miles round the wreckage to reach the objective.

As they approached, roaring flames spread across the road. It seemed suicide to drive on. But a man shouted that many women and children were almost trapped by the flames in a shelter.

They drove on, accelerating through the flames and past the burning buildings.

Then Miss Sandford's ambulance and two others made five journeys backwards and forwards, during which, in the language of an official report, "fires were spreading across the road they had to use and . . . H.E. and incendiary bombs were falling."

The story of the Misses Shadbolt, Wood, and Williams, of Station No. 90, is worth telling, too.

This time the station itself was hit



"She told me, after exacting a vow of secrecy, that she is engaged to a foreign soldier who is fighting on our side"

two books, and we never see them again. He has taken dozens.

He would never dream of stealing money, but he seems to have no conscience whatever where books are concerned. Is it a species of kleptomania?

Yes, or bibliomania. Consciences are very elastic. A man who would be ashamed to travel by rail without a ticket is not at all ashamed of sneaking goods through the Customs. Yet he is robbing the country!

The explanation is that popular feeling is not against him. Something similar is happening about getting more than one's fair ration of food. People seem to think it a cause for secret rejoicing. They tell others what they have done.

But when popular conscience is opposed to that sort of thing the law-breakers will stop doing it.

As for the purloiner of books, I should advise a visit to his house with a large suitcase.

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

by a time-bomb. The staff accommodation roared into rubble, trapping and wounding many of their colleagues.

The three girls were out in a yard at the back. Blast flung them down, flying debris cut them, and one was burned. All three would have been admitted to hospital as "shock cases."

But there was work to do.

Tattered Ambulance

First the girls went to the help of the other wounded women and gave them first aid. Then one girl got out the only usable ambulance—the others were scrap-iron by now—and stamped out fires in the way. The other two lifted the seriously injured women in.

"In" is a courtesy term, for the roof and sides of the ambulance had been blown off, so that two of the girls had to hold their patients in position on the splintered bunks as they drove through the littered streets to the nearest hospital.

After their casualties had been cared for at hospital the three girls accepted treatment for their own injuries. They then drove their tattered ambulance back to what remained of the station, and resumed duty.

And we used to argue about "sex equality"!

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GOING
ON DUTY

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First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

BLEEDING

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What do I do...

to bottle fruit
without sugar?

I realise the importance of bottling fruit this year, so that none shall be wasted. I put the fruit on to stew with just enough water to prevent the pan from burning. While the fruit is cooking, I prepare the bottling jars—any shape or size will do—by making them clean and hot.

As soon as the fruit is cooked, I pour it into the hot jars up to a quarter of an inch from the top, and seal them immediately with four circles of thin paper, brushed with home-made paste.

I press these paper circles down one by one on top of each other on the jar, so that they come well down over the sides.

Cut this out—and keep it!

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